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"STEP UP TO THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE AND SETTLE!"



STORY OF THE SEEDS.



"ONE I love;" a pretty face
 Bending o'er the grate;
 "Two I love," a soft, sweet voice
 Measures out her fate.
 "Three I love, I say," and still
 Other seeds galore;
 "Four I love with all my heart,"
 What need is there of more?
 "Five I cast away," — Ah, no!
 Fortune thus were wrong,
 Should the count thus ended be;
 Love's ties are too strong.
 "Six he loves," a dimpled smile;
 "Seven she loves," a blush;
 "Eight both love;" a sweet look steals
 O'er the fair face flush.
 "Nine he comes;" "he tarries ten,"
 "Eleven he courts," — but wait!
 Anxious search has failed to find
 The seed where rests her fate.
 Carefully she looks them o'er,
 Then, as brow grows light,
 "Twelve he marries. Mercy! I
 Nearly died from fright!"

J. O. Robinson.



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WAYSIDE PROOF-READING.

FRAZZLES. — This yere paper sez yer ortn't never eat w'en yer tired.

RAGSV. — Oh, rats! Some fake uv a printer stuck that back-ards; it means, yer ort'nt never git tired w'en yer a-eatin'.

NEAR THE RIALTO.

THESPIAN. — I have an awful stomach-ache.

MANAGER. — Have a B. & S.?

THESPIAN. — Thanks; that 's what it 's aching for.

IN THE PARK.

WHEN ETHEL 's on her high-school bay,
 In riding skirt and boots,
 She turns her head the other way
 When Mabel past her scoots.

For Mabel on her wheel elate
 Wears bloomers smart and chic,
 And thinks side-saddles out of date;
 And, so, they do not speak.

R. L. M.



BESIDE CHOLLY.

SAIDSO. — Cholly always takes his man with him when he goes down on the "L" train.

HERDSO. — What is that for?

SAIDSO. — When a pretty girl comes along, the man gets up and gives her his seat.

CONTENT is the feeling we experience the first week after our salary has been increased.



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HIGH ROLLERS.

ADA. — Bring lots of money, dear, and come around to my house to-morrow afternoon. We're going to have a poker party, just like the men.
 OLIVE. — How much shall I bring?

ADA. — Oh, bring lots! Bring two dollars and a half.



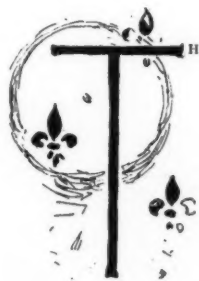
NEWS FROM ABROAD.

MAMA.—I received a letter from Grace, to-day.

PAPA.—How is the Earl doing, now?

MAMA.—Nicely; he's been sober for two weeks, and Grace has promised him a steam yacht if he behaves himself until Summer.

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THE PROPER FLOWER.

THE SHINING golden crocus,
So mellow and so rare,
Would be the proper flower
To gem Miss Passé's hair;

Because this trembling beauty,
With Spring-time all aglow,
In rapture blooms benignly
Amid the drifted snow.

R. K. M.

HERESY.

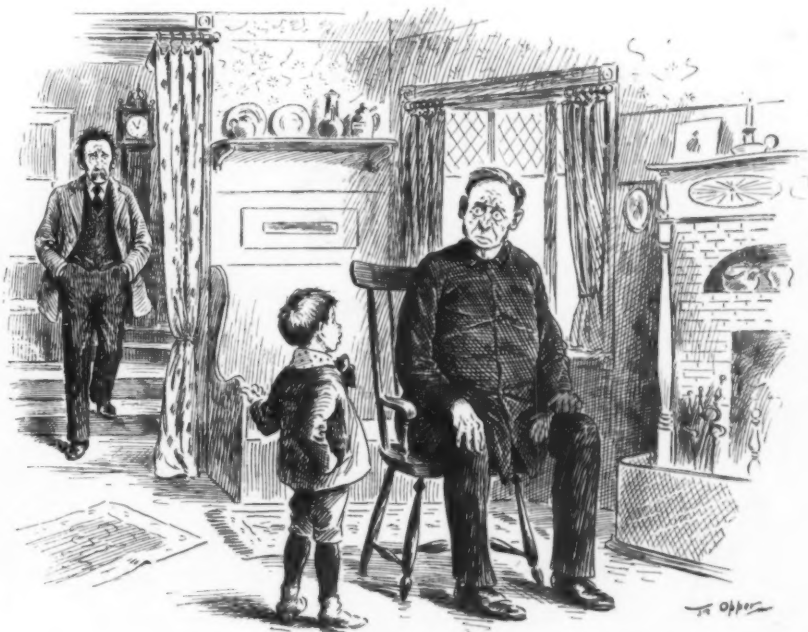
CROSSE.—I hear that Mrs. Frye's great cook book, "Art in the Cuisine," has not been a success in her native town, Boston.

BLACKWELL.—Yes; she says that it is not absolutely necessary to serve brown bread with baked beans.

A NEW WOMAN REASON.

MISS ANNE STREET.—I have n't seen much of your wife, lately.

FULTON STREET.—Neither have I; she spends most of her time at her Club, where they are preparing to give a "gentleman's day."



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CARRIE.—Are you sure that May and Algy are engaged?

AMY.—Why, certainly! I heard them quarrelling last night.

PETER.—I've lost my keys. Have any of you angels seen 'em?

ANGEL (*apologetically*).—We let in one of the Rosenbaums yesterday and he has them, testing them for alloy.

ALREADY SETTLED.

PASTOR.—What are they going to name your new twin brothers, Willy?

WILLY.—Thunder and Lightning.

PASTOR.—Why, Willy, you must be mistaken!

WILLY.—Well, anyhow, that's what Pop called 'em, when the nurse brought 'em in!

THE COMING HOME OF HENRY.



OLD FARMER BARNES walked up and down the little platform in front of the small shed that did duty as a station at Hay Corners. He was impatiently waiting for the train. It came at last, being only, for this time, two hours late. He was waiting to meet his son; and, though he hardly recognized the well-dressed, long-haired young fellow that stepped from the train, the latter knew him, and, coming over, slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Well, old Rocks, here I am! How's the Mater?"

"Why, my boy, is it you?" was the reply. "Yer Maw was feelin' so porely I kem over alone to bring you back." Then the old man assisted his son in putting his baggage, consisting of two trunks, a valise, a bundle of canes and a bull-dog, in the wagon, and they drove off.

"You got yer diploma, my boy, I hope," said the old man. "This has been a bad year for us, and we had hard work gittin' the money to keep you at college."

"Yep! I snatched the sheepskin this time. But I come near getting it in the neck. Say, there has been frost crystals for me from the whole shooting-match, from the main guy down!"

"Ya-as; I suppose those studies was hard. But you got it. Eddication's a great thing."

"Nix!" replied the graduate, emphatically; "it don't go, now. But I'd 'a' had fruit if I could have kept up my foot-ball. But I was no good after I strained my back."

The old man looked dazed a moment, and then said: "You'll get that place in the bank, I guess?"

"Well, talk to me! Say, you don't think I'm going farming and raise lilacs on my phizog., do you?"

The old farmer shook his head, and whacked the off-horse across the rotunda.

"I suppose," he said, "you were sorry to leave your college friends?"

"Well, say, I give 'em the glad hand in great style. But the Freshies were sore on me. I was strictly in it when we rushed 'em. Oh, I never used to do a thing to them!"

"I hope not," said the old man; "you should hev let 'em alone."

"Oh, a pleb is always dead leary of 'em! We never got into 'em much."

"Spose yer sorry your college days is over?" said the old man, after a pause.

"Well, it was n't a graft! Still, I met some smooth people there. I had a side-partner that was a dead-fly mug, I tell you!"

The old man was silent again, and his hopeful son amused himself the rest of the way inhaling a cigarette with great gusto. But, just as they came in sight of the farm-house, Farmer Barnes stopped the horses.

"Henry," he said; "my boy, I'm glad to have you back with us, to see you looking so well, and having learned so much. But Mother ain't like me, you know; so, fer her sake,



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LACKING WHERE MOST NEEDED.

SISTER BECKY.—Fo' de Lawd, Pawson, dis watah is 'nough to freeze one to deaf!

THE PARSON (*reprovingly*).—Hab yo' no fiah in yo' heart?

SISTER BECKY.—Yes, Pawson; dere 's fiah enough in mah heart, but it 's de flesh an' bones dat feels de cold!

don't use them big, high-toned words. Of course, I understand all you say, but Mother won't; and she'll think you're proud if you talk big words to her; and while I know she won't say nothing, still you'd please her best, my boy, if you talked just plain, common words, as she understands."

A WARM KISS.

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ARABELLA.—I must have sprained my hand bowling yesterday afternoon. This pepper liniment burns the hand nearly off me, but I know it will help.



SERVANT.—Miss! That Frinch Count is downstairs, an' he says as he wants to see you on somethin' important.

R. L. M.



ARABELLA (*ecstatically*).—Oh, I'm sure he's going to propose to me! Ah! this long expected day! A countess at last!



THE COUNT.—Ah, ze Miss Bluffington! Ze Arabella! My own von! I kiss your hand—



THE FRENCH COUNT (*in agony*).—Sacré! My lips! My mouth! Ze woman! Ze wr-retch!

ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

GOLDSTEIN.—I tink I ged a marine insurance on der business.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN.—Vy fore, Isaac?

GOLDSTEIN.—So 's to be all righd if der fire department ruin der place mit vatter.



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A RARE INSTANCE.

"I once was young," said the ancient man,
And never a glance did they cast askant;
For once, no one was more truthful than
The village's "oldest inhabitant."

Roe L. Hendrick.

ON THE RIALTO.

BENVOLIO.—Wherefore dost thou hoist thine umbrella upon so effulgent a day as this?

MALVOLIO.—To keep yon sun from filching the color from this, my two-dollar derby.

MISFORTUNE SELDOM gathers friends; and when it does they all stand around and say, "I told you so!"

JIMSON.—Are there any public spirited people in Brooklyn?

WEED.—Yes, indeed; there are a number of them who are keeping the people awake by robbing houses.

SECOND THOUGHTS.



THE YEAR is young, its leaves are new;

My vices now are very few;
Bad habits I have cast aside

And virtue's mantle wear with pride.

But, then,

Those habits were the worse for wear,
Methinks; if they had some repair—

Ah! not so bad, in retrospect,
Do they appear—let me reflect;

Now, when

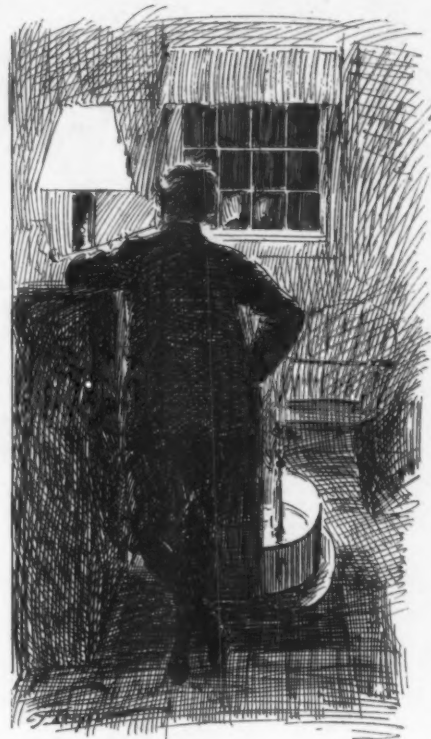
Became it fit and wise that I
Should show my taste scant courtesy
And dress in misfits from Time's shelf
That make me stranger to myself?

'T is wrong!

Some minor changes here and there
Would make old habits better wear
Than resolutions stiff and cold—
I'll doff the new and don the old,

Ere long!

W. L. Wilson.



HIS DREADFUL THREAT.

MILDRED.—I would n't have accepted him if he had not made such a perfectly dreadful threat.

BLANCHE.—What did he threaten to do? Commit suicide?

MILDRED.—Worse than that! He threatened to marry some one else.

THE USUAL WAY.

STRANGER.—You say religion has never entered into politics in this town?

BOSS.—No, sor; an' we don't intend to let it.

"A wise resolve, my friend."

"Yis, sor. Kapin' religion out av politics is aisy enough, sor."

"How do you manage?"

"Sure, all the candydates do be av wan religion."

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

THE MANAGER.—I want a play immediately for Mr. Bruiseman.

THE PLAYRIGHT.—All right. Pick it out. Here 's heavyweights, next to 'em 's the welterweights, and yonder 's a pile of light weights.

THE PROFESSOR.—Certainly, Napoleon was a wonderful man. I can not understand how any one but a woman could have accomplished what he did.

MRS. BRYN-MAUR.—What do you mean, Professor?

THE PROFESSOR.—Why, for years he managed to have everything his own way.

LOVELY WOMAN is a complex creature; but when she chews gum, or carries a poodle, or wears a high hat to the theatre—she makes the diagnosis easier.



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THINKS OF THE ABSENT.

YOUNG SAPHEAD.—Does your sister ever speak of me?

JOHNNY.—Not exactly; but she often argues with the new girl about it not bein' wicked to say "not at home."

A GOOD DEAL of the matter that passes for literary composition nowadays is, in fact, decomposition—mere rot.

MAN'S GREATEST responsibility in this world is Woman; and she is kept busy seeing that he does n't shirk it.



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ON THE ROAD.

FIRST ACTOR.—There ought to be a souvenir performance to-morrow night.

SECOND ACTOR.—Why?

FIRST ACTOR.—It will be the fiftieth performance since we got our salaries.

NOTHING TO GAMBLE WITH.

JACK.—The governors are going to expel any one who gambles in the club.

DICK.—Then the membership will be limited to the fellows who are posted for not paying their dues.

IN A FEW YEARS.

OFFICER.—The man's back is broken, and he can make no statement as to the circumstances of the assault.

MAGISTRATE.—It looks very much like justifiable tackling; but we will hold the prisoner on the charge of interference in the first degree, pending further investigation.



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COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

CHOLLY.—Girls, I considah I have been insulted by Miss Goldmore, don't you know?

THE GIRLS (*ragerly*).—Oh, how?

CHOLLY.—I called on her this mawning, and told her I had come to be her Valentine, and she looked at me and said: "Oh, I pwefeh the sentimental kind!"

A MYSTERY.

ADA.—I can't imagine how that secret leaked out?

IDA.—Nor I; I'm sure everyone to whom I told it promised to say nothing about it.

AN ETYMOLOGY.

PROFESSOR.—The author of the Iliad was homeless, at first, until seven cities claimed him; and then they called him Homer.

HOW TO REACH THE NEEDY.

PHILANTHROPIST.—How can I make sure that none but the really needy will receive the money I intend to distribute?

JOURNALIST.—Buy poetry with it.

A MAN ALWAYS uses a good deal longer line in sounding his own depths than other people would employ.

AT THE EXPERIENCE MEETING.

"My dear friends," said the aged minister, "I wish to present to you a repentant sinner who desires to tell the story of his mis-spent life. When you have heard his sad tale, and realize that he is, indeed, converted, you will feel that there is hope for the most sinful."

And the congregation leaned forward, in breathless interest, as the pale and haggard man began, in faltering accents, "I was the janitor of a Harlem flat—"

A SLIGHT.

JACKSON.—Bighead is feeling very much hurt just now.

CURRIE.—What is the matter?

JACKSON.—The *Woman's Home Companion* refused to accept an article from his wife for its "Wives of Great Men" series.

A SURE WINNER.

He'll be a great winner, much more than rich,
With a beautiful big green roll,
Who invents a fire-proof pocket in which
No money can burn a hole.



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CONTRITION.

MISTRESS (*angrily*).—Bridget, I find that you wore one of my décolleté ball gowns to the Hack Drivers' ball last evening. It's the worst piece of impudence I ever heard of. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!

BRIDGET (*meekly*).—Oi wus, Mum; Oi wus!—and me young mon said, as if Oi ivir wore sich an indacent dress in public ag'in, he'd break our ingagemint.

THE WONDERS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

"Does I b'leeb in dem trance mejums? Deed I does! Did n' I go to see one o' dem to fin' out how de policy numbahs wuz to come a-runnin'? What did dat trance mejum say? Why, chile, he jess close he eyes an' say:

"'You 'z had trouble. You 'z bin 'cused ob la'ceny. Yo' keeps fo' dawgs. Yo' 's unlucky at craps. Yo' likes chicking fried. Yo' carries a razzor, but yo' doan shave. Yo' lubs a yaller gal!"

"What ef dem numbahs did n' win? Dey mus' be sumpin' in dat trance mejum business, w'en dey reads yo' kah'actah an' de inmos' secrets ob yo' haht like dat. Now, yo' lissen to me!"

WHEN A WOMAN says she won't, she is often just about ready to.

AMBITION NEVER grows old; in fact, it is mighty seldom that it ever reaches maturity.





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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**WHEN STRIKERS
BECOME OUTLAWS.**

LABOR HAS a right to organize. A labor organization has a right to strike — to quit work in the hope of enforcing its demands. But no man or body of men has the right to interfere by force with an employer's efforts to secure other labor. And no man or body of men was ever successful for any length of time in doing something it had no right to do. These are mouldy truisms, but they have not been uttered often enough, because their wisdom has not been learned by the parties most concerned. These are the labor organizations and the servants of the people whose duty it is to keep order. To the laboring man we can only say what has been said to him since strikes began: The moment you become lawless, you become an enemy of society. No matter what justice there may be in your demands, you completely obscure it when you resort to violence. It is then a question of strength between you and Society, and Society is too strong for you. The strike is a powerful weapon, and a lawful weapon for you to use, but a strike consists in quitting work in a body. Interference by violence with those who would replace you, or an attack upon the property of your late employer, is assault, murder, arson or malicious mischief, as the case may be. Do any of these things and you are a criminal. That the rioter has not had his deserts in Brooklyn is the fault of the authorities. They should have been more prompt to act and more vigorous in action. A strike of the magnitude of the Brooklyn strike has come to mean insurrection from the start. The most effective way to put down insurrection is to nip it in the bud. By suppressing the first lawless outbreaks of the Brooklyn strikers much of the later lawlessness would have been averted.

**THE AWAKENING
IN PHILADELPHIA.**

The wave of municipal reform rolls on. After engulfing many of the wide-awake cities of the land, it now threatens to surge through Philadelphia. Philadelphia is the city of sleep. For years it has slumbered placidly on while a small but earnest band of politicians plundered it in the name of the Republican party. Last year these gentlemen divided \$33,000,000 among themselves. In other words, to govern Philadelphia a year cost \$25 for every man, woman and child, or \$165 for every voter. This has proved too much, even for the easy-going quakers. Reform is demanded, and the demand comes from Democrats and Republicans alike. It happens in this case, however, that the contractors, jobbers and lobbyists that have been battenning on Philadelphia are Republican leaders, and so the demand comes nominally from the Democratic party. That party has chosen Ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison as its candidate for Mayor, and decent voters of all political faiths are rallying about him, just as they rallied to the support of Mr. Strong, in New York. We are not yet out of the woods over here, but we are on the road out, and we have leisure to wish Philadelphia an equally good start.

**THE MAYOR
AND THE PEOPLE.**

The scene is in Mayor Strong's office. Present, a numerous delegation from the various societies that aim to suppress indulgences of which they do not approve. They have told the Mayor his duty in the matter of Sunday saloons, and they have warned him that he must take advice only from them and not from the vile beings that disagree with them. Mayor Strong replies: "But, you must remember that I am as much the Mayor of the rum-seller as I am your Mayor; and I am the Mayor of others besides the rum-sellers, that believe you are unwise in holding to the present excise law. They believe, and I agree with them, that this law is responsible for a large amount of the corruption we are trying to root out." This is encouraging. It indicates that we have a Mayor who is going to do a Mayor's work as he thinks it ought to be done, and not as it must be done to win the favor of any faction or machine — moral or anti-moral. And yet the spokeswoman of this committee the other day brazenly reminded the Mayor that her own and the other societies had worked hard to elect him, and that their demands should for that reason be heeded. This is precisely the Tammany method of coercing a Mayor. It is quite as immoral for a Prohibitionist or a Sabbatarian to try to buy over a Mayor in this way as for a ward-heeler; and it is just as dangerous to honest government. Sunday drinking is popular with the general public. Before a law can be framed that will prevent it, it must be made unpopular. When the Sabbatarians have accomplished that, and that is their legitimate work, a suitable law will follow and will be enforced. The

people make laws because they feel the need of them. Pass a law they don't want and they will smash it. They have never yet been dictated to by a society for the suppression of anything. So long as they want to drink on Sunday, they will drink, law or no law. The general public elected Mr. Strong to be its Mayor. He should serve it, and we think he will.

**THE WICKED
AUSTRALIANS.**

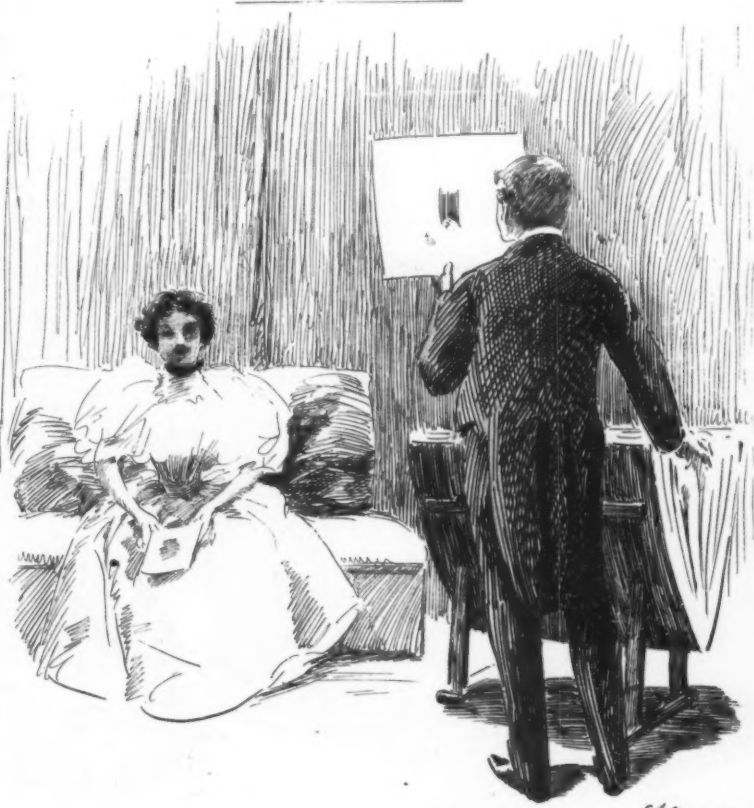
The Protectionist who discovers a new argument in support of his theory these days, should command the attention of all thinking men. Far more prominence than this brief mention will secure him is due the Editor of the *American Economist*, who tells us, and shows us, too, in a recent issue of his able journal, why the American sheep farmer needs Protection. Perhaps it is not exactly a new principle that he has discovered, but it is certainly a new and powerful illustration of an old one. In an article entitled "Australian Sheep Shearing," he tells us all about a machine adopted by the sheep growers of Australia, by means of which "more wool can be obtained from the sheep's back, and a larger number of sheep can be shorn in a day." Of course this means a saving in expenses and a larger product. The article is embellished with a cut showing this infernal contrivance in action. It is a modest-looking affair, this machine. It has a couple of wheels and some rods and things, just like any machine; but there can be no doubt that it is capable of the deviltry ascribed to it, because the picture shows an Australian sheep being shorn of its fleece by an Australian sheep owner; or, perhaps, by his hired man. Whoever he is, he looks like a man of low instincts, a scoundrel with just enough brains to be more enterprising than the American farmer in the matter of labor-saving machinery. Although he neglects to give it, the editor of the *American Economist* must know of some good reason why the American farmer should not, himself, adopt this machine; for, of course, if there were no such reason, his remarks would be foolish. We should like him to tell us what it is, because we confess our present inability to detect the first sign of a reason why the American farmer should not be as civilized and progressive as the Australian.

AN EVEN QUESTION.

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—You must attend the next meeting of our literary society. Now we have a subject for debate.

SECOND BROOKLYNITE.—What is it?

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—"Is it more dangerous to live in Brooklyn when the trolley cars are running than when they are not?"



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KNEW HER BUSINESS.

KITTY.—I went to a chiropodist's to-day, and she told me —
TOM.—That you had the prettiest feet of any girl in New York.
KITTY.—Why, yes! How did you know?



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A HARD BEAST TO
UNCLE SAM.—Don't be over-confident, my friend;—he was too much for 't

UCK.



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ST TO HANDLE.

much for that Democratic keeper, and he may be too much for you!



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AT LONESOMEHURST.

MR. SUBBUBS.—Well, Commuter, what can I do for you?
MR. COMMUTER.—My wife sent me over to see whether you would lend us your ice-cream freezer;—we're going to have company for dinner to-night.

LOVE IN THE MUSEUM.

TWO-HEADED GIRL.—Darling, do you really love us?
LIVING SKELETON (formerly a country editor).—We do!

THE MISTAKES of the Past are the signboards of the Future.



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HARD TO SATISFY.

LITTLE IKEY.—Ain'd dere no desert, Mutter?
MR. HOCKSTEIN.—What do you want mit a desert when you haf your cod liver oil to dake? Mine gracious! ain'd dot a whole meal in idself?

SPOILED THE VICTORY.

MRS. BROWN.—Mrs. Smith is so disappointed about the outcome of her divorce suit.

MRS. JONES.—She obtained her decree, did she not?

MRS. BROWN.—Yes; but her husband made no defence. She had looked forward so to his cross-examination!

THE TROUBLE had its origin in this:
Her tresses as the raven's wing
were black;
She repulsed with scorn her husband's
proffered kiss,
Since a golden hair was hanging
down his back.

MY FRIEND'S conceit usually consists in his inability to recognize the higher order of my intelligence.

A GIRL is a good deal like a problem in mathematics:—You don't always understand her when you get her.

MRS. 399.—What is Mrs. Gayly so angry about?

MRS. HAUTON.—Some one circulated a report that she had become religious.



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A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

IRRITATED PATRON.—Look here, Casserole, what's the reason that table in the window is reserved for that stout man, every day?—has he got a mortgage on it?

PROPRIETOR.—You see I only start dees place lately, and eet ees worth feefy dollar a week to me, eef he sits dere, as an advertisement!

CIRCUMSTANCE.

One whole long week the ice and snow
Shrouded the city streets below;
And glad was the heart of Little Ned
When his father got him a nice new sled;
Then the sun came out the self-same day
And melted the snow and ice away!
So the Winter goes with June skies fair,—
And Little Neddy has learned to swear.

R. L. M.

KEEPING THEM OUT.

WITHERBY.—When we get our new house, I want to have a room by myself—a room that no one else will think of entering.

MRS. WITHERBY.—That's easily arranged, my dear; I'll let you select the wall paper for it, yourself.



TOO HEAVY.

UNCLE SILAS. — A big, heavy man like that had n't oughter ride one of them machines.

AUNT MARIA. — Why, Silas?

UNCLE SILAS. — Just look how he's bent the handles, by bearin' down on 'em!

PUCK'S COUPON.

This Coupon and ten cents, presented to any newsdealer, will procure one copy of PUCK, or PUCK'S LIBRARY. With the Coupon and twenty-five cents, one Crop of PICKINGS FROM PUCK may be obtained. Likewise, all other PUCK publications at the regular rates; no extra charge being made on account of the Coupon.

COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY.

WESTERLY. — New York is fifty years behind the age.

LAKESIDE. — Yes; and a hundred years behind Chicago!

METHOD IN THEIR MADNESS.

THE MEDE. — Seemeth it not to thee, O Persian! that we Medes and Persians are chumps for having laws that can never be changed?

THE PERSIAN. — Not on thy life, O Mede! For we know just how to get around these old laws; whereas, if we should change them, we would have to pay a lot of lawyers to discover holes in the new ones.

SYMPTOMS SHOWN.

WADE. — I hear that Wright, the celebrated English novelist, has been adjudged insane since his arrival here.

BUTCHER. — Yes; he wrote a book praising America.

MABEL. — Isn't it awful lonely tonight?

CARRIE. — Just horrid! I feel real blue.

MABEL. — So do I. I do wish something would happen that we could have a real good cry over.

IT is as hard to ascertain the truth concerning some historical events as if they had been fully reported in last week's papers.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Letter from Bernhard Stavenhagen to Wm. Knabe & Co.

[Translated from the German.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1895.

DEAR SIRS: — It affords me special pleasure to express to you my great satisfaction with your instruments. The same fully justify the distinguished renown which they enjoy, and I can only concur in the verdict of Messrs. von Bulow and D'Albert, in emphasizing that the Knabe Pianos, before all in regard to mellow and singing (gesangvollen) tone combined with power, respond to the highest demands. These qualities, united with a perfect mechanism, place "The Knabe Piano" at the head of the best American Instruments, and I again beg to express my satisfaction that I have the use of the same for my entire American Tour.

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 JAGGS.—Why so?
 SNAGGS.—Why, she'll call me an old porcupine, and then sit on me if I bristle up.—Adams Freeman.

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"I HAVE just laid in a large stock of holiday goods," remarked the cackling hen as she came down from the loft where the toy dealer had his holiday goods stored.
 —Yonkers Statesman.

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VISITOR.—Have you taken up any new studies this year, Teddy?
 TEDDY.—Yes 'm; I have to wash my hands twice a day now.
 —Inter Ocean.

EXISTENCE is a race for life into the jaws of death, with an occasional good cigar and new bonnet.—Adams Freeman.

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SLIMSON.—What was your business before you opened your saloon?

FATSON.—Trying to get a license.—*South Boston News.*

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IN DEEP.

MR. SLIMSON (from the head of the stairs).—Clara, is that fellow gone yet?

CLARA.—Yes, father; he's too far gone to go.

EVERY woman thinks her husband can whip any other two men on earth.—*Atchison Globe.*

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MRS. WAYUPP. — Yes; but the vulgar fellow has recently been making a study of the tradewinds. It's in all the papers, too.
— *New York Weekly.*

SORRY FOR BOBBY.

FIRST BOY. — I feel sorry for Bobby Blinkers. He's got a step-mother.

SECOND BOY. — Is she strict?

FIRST BOY. — Awful! She makes him wear rubbers every time it rains.

— *Street & Smith's Good News.*



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GARRITY. — Sor, could I look to you for a contribution to the cause of home rule for Ireland?

MR. GRUMPS. — Darn the Irish! Darn Ireland! What the deuce is home rule for Ireland, anyway?

"It manes, sor, that the Oirish are all to be sint home to rule their own country."

"Here; take ten dollars." — *Cincinnati Tribune.*

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BARBER. — Would n't you like a bottle of our hair restorer?

CUSTOMER. — No, thank you; I prefer to remain bald-headed.

BARBER. — Then our hair restorer is just the thing you want, sir! — *South Boston News.*

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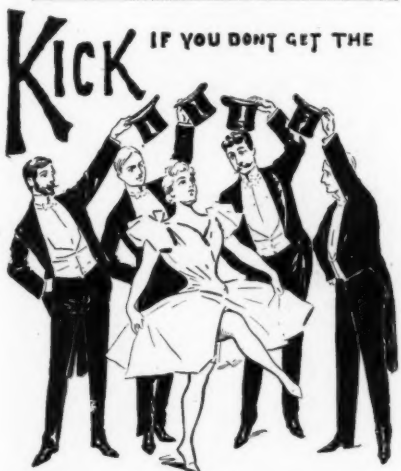
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TWO VIEWS.

AUNT (*poetically*). — Ah, what is more beautiful, more sublime than the tolling of the church bells upon a Sabbath morning! What happy thoughts it brings us!

NEPHEW (*practically*). — You bet it does, Aunt! Just as soon as a fellow hears them he knows that it's Sunday, and he can turn over and sleep all day if he wants to.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

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MRS. EBONY. — Doctah, my husband he got the paralasis in the laigs, so he can't move his feet.

DOCTOR DARK. — Is dat so, Mrs. Ebony? Well, I'll call right away.

MRS. EBONY. — Yes, doctah; an' be suah to bring youah banjo erlong. If dat doan start his laigs goin', nuthin' will. — *New York Weekly.*



U-goo-goo, Zulu ally, of her tribe and race the pride.
Had two stalwart, favored suitors, and on neither could decide.



Yet to Gag Jag, Jacket slayer, she had shown the marble heart,
So he watched his favored rivals, and in anger sulked apart.



But his rivals had their troubles, and when not near the maid,
Stern gestures ambihative were quite frequently displayed.



Therefore the foxy Gag Jag interposed between the pair —
"Fight a duel," said his jaglets; "but the brave deserve the fair."



"That we will!" exclaimed the rivals; "but we're bad men in a muss."
"Oh, I'll see the thing goes off all right!" said Gag Jag, artful cuss.



But some inking of the combat reached U-goo-goo, and the flirt,
Frightened, flew to stop the combat, fearing some one would be hurt.



Alas! her efforts were in vain, she reached the scene too late;
They both were dead, and Gag Jag had them lying out in state.



Her bitter cries rang far and wide, and fast her tears they fell;
Gag Jag essayed to comfort her, succeeding fairly well.



And afterward the two were wed; and as the years go by,
Gag Jag still sees two graves kept green, — and winks the other eye.

CUT OUT; OR, THE WILES OF A HOTTENTOT LOVER.